

Reflection

by Browlax

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Summary: Michael Myers stalks a teenager, which reminds him of his deceased sister, Judith. Panicking, she puts her best effort into surviving the murderer.

Reflection

_ "You don't know what your power has done to me, _
>I want to know if I'll heal inside,
>I can't go on with a holocaust about to happen,

>Seeing you laughing another time.
>You'll never know why your face has haunted me,
>My very soul has to bleed this time,
>Another hole in the wall of my inner defenses,

>Leaving me breathless, the reason I know,

_ That I am stricken and can't let you go, _
>When the heart is cold, there's no hope, and we know,

>That I am crippled by all that you've done,
>Into the abyss will I run."

_ "Stricken" by Disturbed_

* * *

><p>The twisted, intense mind of the mysterious man. Dark, evil, insane. He had murdered his older sister whenever he was a young six-year-old child back in 1963 and did not seem to show remorse, whatsoever. The anger. It was part of him and never would die off of him. It consumed his very soul, his well-being. It was like the air he breathed. It was like the missing piece to a jigsaw puzzle. It was needed like he needed the heart that would beat inside of him.<p>

Pulling the white, ghostly mask over his face, Michael Myers, with a sharp, shiny butcher knife held tightly in his right hand, rose up sky-high above his head, trailed his dark eyes down at a young, terrified teenager, who's flawless face was tomato red because of the salty tears that ran down her cheeks. She was on her knees, due to her legs tired and wounded from being chased down through the empty streets of Haddonfield.

The girl gazed at Michael. He tilted his head, his knife lowering as his heavy breathing echoed through his infamous mask and his tightened muscles loosened. Innocence fulfilled the girl's chocolate-brown eyes as she continued to gaze into Michael's dark-brown one's, the shadows of the night shadowing them to show the evil inside of himself.

Adrenaline began to course through Michael's large veins, the grip of his knife tightening, which made them bulge straight out of his large hand. His strong muscles tightened in his arms, the rage influencing his actions. The girl's heart began to hammer in her chest, wondering why the mysterious man yearned to kill her, once and for all.

Something about the girl made Michael think of Judith. To him, she looked very much like her. Something about her was drawn to him. Not even for a second would the very thought of her go away from him, nor would his eyes leave her face.

The teenager's tears continued to roll down her cheeks, the mixed feeling of sorrow and stress consuming her.

"W-Who are you, and w-why are you f-f-following me?"

Michael tilted his head to the side, his continuous grip on his large knife getting tighter. It was so tight, it was almost painful to him. His heavy breathing began to get louder and shake, due to his evil rage roaming through his system. The girl could see his broad chest expand and release the heavy air uncontrollably.

"Please...I beg you. Leave me alone!", she shouted as she picked up the concealed revolver behind her.

The unresponsiveness continued.

The girl's feeling of sorrow became the feeling of anger because Michael was exasperating to her, since he would not respond to her questions and had a lack of movement.

Putting her finger at the trigger, she pulled out the revolver. She got on her sore feet, limping as quickly as she could, since her leg had been slashed by the violent man that pursued her trail of footsteps. She continued to cry, remembering the fact that she was hopeless and had no support from anyone because the streets were empty.

"Leave me alone!", she screamed, limping through the dark, shadowy streets, her hand grabbing her knee as the Boogeyman continued to pursue her. Sticky liquid stained on her palm. She felt disgusted that she was touching her blood.

As she stopped limping, the girl turned around, pulling out her deadly weapon, the bullets cocked and ready. Her fingers reached for the trigger, and back-firing a perfect shot, the Boogeyman dropped unto his knees. His butcher knife fell straight onto the ground, his large hand clutching at his heart. An open wound had made warm, crimson liquid leak into his hand.

Screaming, the girl ran off to find hope, forgetting about the Boogeyman, who was nowhere to be found. Gasping, her eyes widened, wondering how a man could survive a gunshot straight into the heart. She continued her limping, the throbbing pain in her knee stopping, allowing her to walk easier.

* * *

><p>I apologize if I am posting too many stories.<p>

Here's another one for you guys. It's become a big addiction.

John Carpenter and Debra Hill own Michael Myers.

John Carpenter and Debra Hill are not the owners of the girl.

End
file.